THE TOWN.

NUMBER V.

NEW-YORK, MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1807.

Parve . . . . . sine me, liber, ibis in URBEM:
(Hei mihi!) quo domino non licet ire tuo.
Vade.—— OVID.

THE THEATRE.

Friday Evening, January 9.

MR. COOPER being indisposed, the *Iron Chest* was not performed, but, in its stead, the well-known and excellent comedy of the *Heir at Law*. Coleman the Younger is the author of both. The *Heir at Law*, without containing, either in its plot or scenes, any very striking particular, abounds in pleasantry, wit, and just and generous sentiments. The character of *Lord Duberley* which was well drawn by the poet, is most ably represented by Mr. Harwood. Mr. Darley, with a little more vivacity and attention, would be an able *Dick*; and Mrs. Darley and Mrs. Villiers are perfectly qualified for their respective parts. Mrs. Darley a pretty, innocent, and good-humoured country girl; and Mrs. Villiers is deficient in none of the requisites for *Miss Dormer*.

Mr. Martin was very respectable, in *Kenrick;* and Mr. Hogg, with a little less shaking, would not have been unworthy of *Cicely*.

Mr. Twaits does great justice to *Dr. Pangloss* except, as we think, in want of proper respect for his quotations. Mr. Twaits gives them no emphasis; but, if they be so trivial, why does the doctor repeat them? It must surely be supposed that he admires them. Why, else, does he carry them in his memory, with even the names of the authors? Thus—'Good easy man!—Shakspeare'—is uttered by Mr. Twaits without the slightest emotion. This we regard as inconsistent. Mr. Coleman certainly intended a parenthetical exclamation—'Good easy man!—Shakspeare.'

WE were much gratified by the afterpiece—*High Life Below Stairs*. The mock minuet of Mr. Harwood and Mrs. Oldmixon did great credit to both. Mr. Harwood enriched *My Lord Duke* with that chaste humour for which he is conspicuous; and Mrs. Oldmixon, who repeated the *bravura* song which she sung in *Don Juan*, displayed that sweetness of voice and splendour of execution, which she is so universally allowed to possess, and received what she deserved—the warmest applause.

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WE learn, with great satisfaction, that Mr. BERNARD, of Boston, is expected to arrive before Monday next, and that he will perform seven nights at this theatre: we shall then have the pleasure of witnessing the united efforts of three comedians, of extraordinary merit—Messrs. BERNARD, HARWOOD, and TWAITS.

We are promised also a short visit from Mrs. *Warren*, of Philadelphia.

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This Evening, January 12, the play of the *Iron Chest*, and the *Midnight Hour*.

On Wednesday, the tragedy of the *Gamester*, for the benefit of Mr. Hallam, senior.

On Friday, *Macbeth*, for the benefit of the children of Mrs. Jones.

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MACBETH, ACT I. SCENE VII.

IF it were done, when 'tis done, then it were well
That it were done quickly:—if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return,
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.

THIS obscure passage, concerning which none of the readers agree, is thus paraphrased, by Dr. Johnson.—'If that, which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be best *to do it quickly;* if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if its *success* could secure its *surcease;* if, being once done *successfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and inquiry, so that *this blow* might *be all* that I have to *do*, and *all* that I have to *suffer;* if this could be my condition, even *here*, in *this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed, without care of any future state. But, this is one of *those cases* in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here*, in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example.'

Wouldst thou have that,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i'the *adage ?*

THE adage, alluded to by *Lady Macbeth*, is this—*The cat loves fish, yet dares not wet her feet.*

ACT V. SCENE V.

The queen, my lord, is dead.

She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty place from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have *lighted* fools
The way to *dusty* death. Out, out, brief *candle !*
Life's but a walking shadow.

IS it not probable, that for *dusty*, we ought to read *dusky*, which agrees with the words *lighted* and *candle ?* In this speech, *Macbeth* begins with a wish that the life of the queen had been prolonged; but, as if he had said, within himself, she should have died to-morrow, he presently, in the dejected temper of his mind, condemns the thought of procrastinating misfortune. We go on, says he, indulging hope for to-morrow ; to-morrow comes, and we are still miserable ; this is the *petty pace*, in which our life is consumed ; our to-morrows become yesterdays, and what do they do for us ? Why, while we, like fools, still expect the consummation of our desires, they lead us to the grave ! Under this view, he despises the light—*Out, out, brief candle!*—Or, as he soon after says—*I 'gin to be a-weary of the Sun.*

THE ARTS.

Messrs. Porri, Rinaldi and Co. have just received a set of grand panoramic Prints, four in number, and executed in imitation of tinted drawings, exhibiting the city of St. Petersburgh. To the four prints belong a fifth, containing a sketch of the equestrian statue of Peter the Great ; and the whole may be regarded as a monument of that enterprising man, who, exactly an hundred years ago, laid the foundations of this magnificent city.

LITERATURE.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD pays this just tribute to the memory of COLLINS :—' His natural powers, his enthusiasm, and his feelings, seem to have qualified him for all that is sublime and beautiful in poetry. If I might be allowed the presumption of making one alteration, I would oppose four stanzas, in his verses on the Death of Thomson, to any passage, on a similar subject, that ever was written. Thomson was buried at the church of Richmond, in Surry ; and the reader, who is acquainted with the place, will feel a double pleasure, from the recollection of the surrounding scenery, which the poet has very accurately depicted. I quote the verses from memory :

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest ;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And oft, as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And, 'midst the varied landscape, weep.

But, thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Oh ! what will ev'ry dirge avail,
Or tears that Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Withholds the sympathetic tear !—
With him, sweet bard ! may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year !'

IT is surely not to the magic of Mr. BRAHAM's voice and execution alone, that we owe the pleasure with which we regard the following Song, writted by Mr. THOMAS DIBDIN, for his opera of Family Quarrels :

THE HEART OF A SAILOR.

'Tisn't the jacket, nor trowsers blue,
The song, nor the grog so cheerly,
That show us the heart of a seaman true,
Or tell us his manners sincerely :
'Tis the hour of strife, when, venturing life
Where the spirits of prudence might fail her,
In battle he'll sing, for country and king,
That shows us the heart of a sailor.

'Tisn't his merriment, kindled on shore
By the cash much too freely expended ;
'Tisn't his going to sea for more,
When the store in the locker is ended :
'Tis the hour of distress, when misfortunes oppress,
And Virtue finds sorrow assail her ;
'Tis the bosom of grief, made glad by relief,
That shows us the heart of a sailor.

In the course of the next year, a great alteration in the established worship is expected to take place in the Danish dominions. The present liturgy, which was framed under Christian V. and published so long since as 1685, has long been felt to be little adapted to the liberal and enlightened principles of the nineteenth century. With a view to bring about a suitable reformation in this branch, the Right Rev. P. O. BOISEN, Bishop of Loland and Falster, has composed a Plan of Improvement in Public Worship, which in the latter end of last year he submited to the consideration of government, desiring, however, that before any resolution should be taken upon it, it might be printed, and intelligent divines called upon to give in their opinions with respect to it. This has accordingly been done, and the Bishop of Zealand, Professor Mlinter of the University of Copenhagen, and Mr. Laffen, of the Royal Chancery, have been appointed Commissioners for examining and digesting the whole, the result of whose discussions are ordered to be laid before the King before the end of December in the present year.

The tobacco plantations at Fredericia in Jutland are now in a very flourishing state. Last year 83,363 pounds of tobacco, of different qualities, were produced by fifty-six planters.

On the 17th May the Polish Society of the Friends of the Sciences held at Warsaw their public meeting, which was opened by the President in a speech, in which he treated of the labours of the society, and the works to be expected from the members. He particularly directed their attention to the Travels of Prince Alexander Sapieha, the results of which would considerably enrich the literature of his native country. Abbot Woronicz communicated the plan of a Polish epic poem, entitled the *Lechiade*, and read the first canto. A soaring flight of fancy—an enraptured, enthusiastic, and extremely correct diction, are the distinguishing traits of this production of genius, which is much more perfect than his Jagellonid and Sibyl. Ab-

bot von Stasic read a continuation of the account of his Geological Tour, which he lately undertook through the whole of the *ci-devant* Poland, during which he made many interesting and important observations and discoveries relative to the natural history of that country, and of geology in general, as the Carpathian mountains had been the principal object of his inquiries.

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In Prussia the potatoe is cultivated with peculiar success. As the stalk grows, the earth is heaped up, leaving only three leaves at top. The roots are thus greatly increased, and the produce is said to be astonishing.

—

Professor Mayer read at the meeting of the Royal Society of Gottingen, on the 25th of January, the first part of his Meteorological Researches, which treats of the "Chimical Affinity of the Celestial Bodies," *i. e.* of the influence they may exercise upon one another independently of their gravity,—an influence which must be manifested in their atmospheres. He particularly treats of the effects produced by the Moon on that of the Earth, which led him to a discussion relative to the stones which are said to have fallen from the heavens. He remarks that almost all these phenomena happened when the Moon was near one of its nodes, and on the wane. In the cases which seem to contradict this observation, the coincidence of the passage of the Moon through one of its nodes with its last quarter had taken place in the preceding lunation. Thus it was in 1803 in the lunation which preceded the shower of stones at L'Aigle.

—

The following is said to be an infallible remedy for stopping hemorrhages from the nose, and has been in use more than a century in the province of Frisia:—R Sacchyri Saturni 1 oz. vitrioli Martis ½ oz. scorsim terantur in mortario vitreo, adde spiritus vini 8 oz. To be taken in quantities of from 10 to 20 drops, according to the age of the patient, in a spoonful of wine or brandy.

MY SCISSORS.

De alieno corio ludit.

The king of England, at a levee, was paying admiral Gardner many compliments:—the admiral was overcome, and could not speak—Lord Melville (then Mr. Dundas) said, "Your majesty sees Gardner may be *overcome* by his *friend*, but not by his *enemies*."

The assertion of a noble Lord, that *herrings* are the *bread* of Scotland, occasioned a remark from Mr. Whitbread, that people in office are so much attached to the *loaves* and *fishes* that they do not know the *one* from the *other!*

There is, it is well known, in the British metropolis, a pile of buildings, called the Adelphi.—When once, after a splendid dinner at the London Tavern, the chairman gave the usual toast of the *Adelphi*, in allusion to the Royal Brothers, Sir Benjamin Hammet, who was present, when it came to his turn to give a toast, said, with much gravity, "Mr. Chairman, as you are giving public buildings, I'll give you *my house at Taunton!*"

The following is a copy of a written notice, lately stuck up by a blacksmith at a market town in England: "These is to insult my kreditors hive they won not cum and pay me what theay howe me, I shall *shoe*-em without faither nootice."

'To which university,' said a lady to Dr. Parr, 'shall I send my son?—'Madam,' replied he, 'they drink, I believe, near the same quantity of port in each of them.'

When the Microcosm came out, a periodical paper, by the Etonians, the Westminster scholars published the *Trifler*, as a rival work, and prefixed to it a *frontispiece*, in which the respective publications were shewn in a pair of scales, the *Trifler* weighing down the *Microcosm*. Upon which Mr. Canning, who was chiefly concerned in writing the latter, composed this epigram:—

What mean ye by this print so rare,
Ye wits, of Eton jealous;
But that your rivals *soar in air*,
And ye are *heavy* fellows.

Mr. Fox and Mrs. Montague were conversing one day in her own house on politics. In the course of their conversation the lady grew warm; at last she was so much nettled, by some remarks of Mr. Fox's, that she declared to him she did not care three skips of a louse for him. Mr. Fox took out his pencil, and produced the following impromptu:—

Says Montague to me, and in her own house,
I don't care for you *three skips of a louse;*
I forgive it, for women, however well bred,
Still talk most of that which *runs most in their head.*

—

The Prince of WALES, on passing lately through Stratford-upon-Avon, was presented with the freedom of that borough, in a box of the Mulberry tree, planted at that place by the immortal Shakspeare. In the middle part of the lid are the coat of arms of the poet; and annexed to it the coat of arms of the corporation; and united with them is a fanciful figurative expression of the "Genius of the sweet Swan of Avon." And on the inside of the lid is stamped in the wood the following lines:

'Sweet relic! sprung from SHAKSPEARE's hallowed tree,
Prove thou a fount for immortality!
Spirit divine! some sacred breast inspire
With kindred passion and congenial fire;
The golden fruit from some new Scion raise,
And on his Mulberry engraft the Bays.'

As the London papers have attributed the above lines to some very ancient writer, we feel it our duty to state, that they were written by Dr. Harrington, of Bath. The Rev. Mr. Nason, Rector of Stratford, presented the Doctor with an ink-stand, made from the hallowed Mulberry tree, and on which the ingenious Doctor caused the lines to be inscribed.—We have been informed that Mrs. Piozzi shewed the inscription to Dr. Johnson, at Bath, in 1780, who said "It was worthy a place in the *Greek Anthologia*.—But, alas, Madam, we cannot say now,—

"Ex fructu cognoscitur arbor!"

—

EPIGRAMS.

Ned would liken himself to Achilles of old,
I hope he'll admit of a single correction:
In his heel lay Achilles' danger we're told,
While Ned in his heels finds his only protection.

On the Statue of Niobe.—From the Greek.

To stone the gods have chang'd her;—but, in vain;
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

By Mr. P. Dodd.

Joe hates a hypocrite. It shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

From an English paper.

THE TASTE OE THE TIMES.

Some whim of fancy pleases every age;
For talents premature, 'tis now the rage.
In Music, how great HANDEL would have smil'd,
T' have seen whole crowds in rapture with a child;
A GARRICK we have had in little BETTY,
And now we are told we have a PITT in PETTY!
All must allow, since thus it is decreed,
He is a very *Petty* PITT indeed.

—

There is a beauty, in the words of one of HAWTHORN's songs, which recommends it, even independently on the air to which it is set.

My DOLLY was the fairest thing!
Her breath disclosed the sweets of Spring!
And, if her Summer you would seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek;
Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful Autumn was the type:
But, when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was Winter cold!

—

Those who are hard-hearted enough to make sport with the sighs of lovers, will probably be pleased with this ditty of Pedrillo's, in the Castle of Andalusia:

To you, my fair, I'd be a rose,
To blow beneath that comely nose;
No more I'll say, you'll stop my breath,
My only life, you'll be my death!

—

SONNET.

COME, simular of joy! thy with'ring hand
  Wave, Dissappointment, o'er these op'ning flow'rs!
Come, that approach'd me with sweet aspect bland,
  Fair winning smiles, and voice of happy hours!
Come, fiend malignant! thy foul form reveal,
  Thy dark cold features, flinty bosom own;
How thy hard hand, that to the wretch can deal
  For fish a serpent, and for bread a stone;
Come! thou shalt me against thy will befriend;
  And, while thou shak'st each pillar of my heart,
And, while thou would'st hope's straining cables rend,
  Thou shalt high Wisdom's saving lore impart.
Withdraw my leaning arm, new nerve my force,
  And send thee, victor o'er thee, on my course.

LÆTUS.

—

SONNET.

YES Disappointment, of full many a joy,
  Thou stern disposer, at whose frown depart
  The timid Pleasures, thou canst rob my heart,
And, at thy bidding, my poor life annoy!
Yes, thou canst dash away the cup I raise
  To these parch'd lips; canst wake the adverse gale,
  And rough the smooth sea, when I spread the sail,
Canst break the branch where my dependance stayst
Yes, thou canst rob me, canst afflict me still;
  From my fond hands each little treasure wring,
  And sorrows hourly to my bosom bring;
But yet not all things hast thou at thy will:
It is not thine, unpitying pow'r to tear
From this calm breast the jewel that I wear!

LÆTUS.

—

ORIGINAL POETRY.

IN this translation, with which we are favoured by a gentleman, of whose taste and zeal, in the study of Italian literature, the American public is in possession of more extensive specimens, there is a sweetness which inspires new interest in a truth to which poets have loved to awaken us, and with which, sooner or later, we all become impressed.

ODE.

To a YOUNG LADY. From the Italian of *Gaetano Polivozi.*

Light as the wind, the beauteous flow'r
Of youth swift hastens to decay;
And with it, to return no more,
Each laughing love, each pleasure gay!

Then, fair MIRANDA, timely wise,
Enjoy the spring of beauty's bloom,
For soon life's halcyon season flies,
And comes the tempest's cheerless gloom!

Adorn'd with flow'rs of perfume sweet,
Spring opes her bosom to the gale,
Pursued by Summer's sulky heat,
Brown Autumn's glooms and Winter's hail.—

Thus flowers and fruits successive show,
The tree resigns its ripen'd load,
And bare appears each sapless bough,
Where late Pomona's treasure glow'd.

Yet (such Creation's changeless doom)
When past is Winter's icy reign,
The naked boughs their flowers resume,
And in fresh verdure bloom again!

But ne'er for *us* shall youthful spring
Escape from winter' bondage hoar;
Succeeding years will sorrow bring,
But pleasure shall return no more!

—

WE have read many of the productions of LODINUS, but none with more pleasure than this.—It is vigorous and tender.

ODE.

Lady, does it grieve thee, tell me,
  That thou once wert kind?—I'll swear
Those smiles were meant but to repel me,
  And *scorn*, not *love*, was seated there.

I'll say, those lips have never blest me;
  Never breath'd one mutual sigh;
And, when that touch at parting prest me,
  Swear 'twas meant to bid me fly.

Yes! if thy gentle heart will let thee,
  Oh forget thou e'er wert kind!
I will strive, too, to forget thee,
  And, in madness, *seem* resign'd.

And, oh! relenting at my anguish,
  Should'st thou chide the fruitless sigh,
Should'st thou bid me cease to languish,
  Lady, I'll obey—and die!

Then farewel the harp forever!
  Once thou taught its string to glow;
Soon the quiv'ring string must sever,
  Touch'd by the icy hand of woe!

Yet, never shall these lips upbraid thee
  With one sad, one murm'ring breath,
Till heaven, more kind than thou art, Lady,
  Shall bid them sigh the sigh of death!

LODINUS.

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